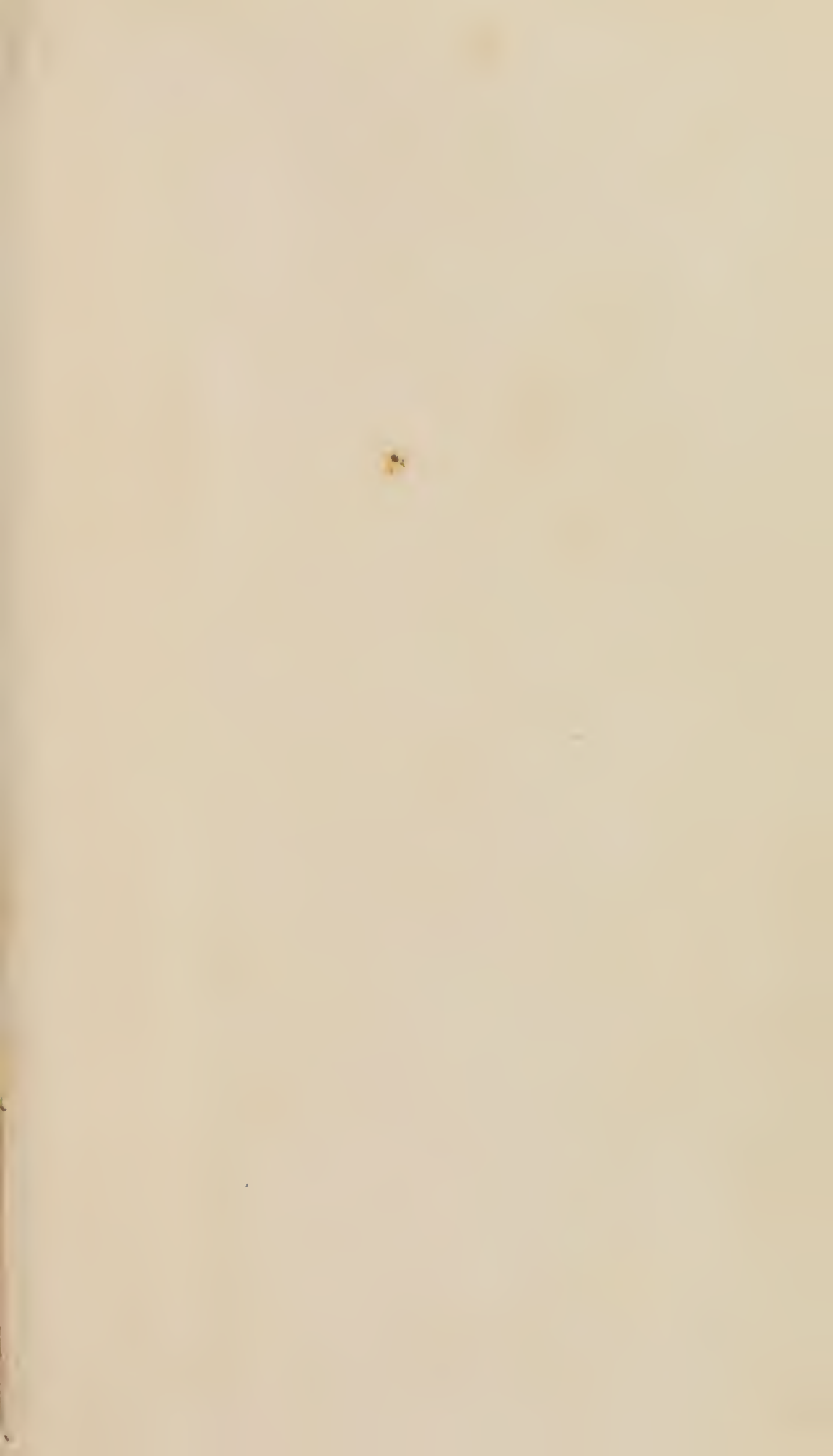


L.

LADDER  
*of*  
LOVE



















THE  
LADDER OF LOVE:

A MUSICAL DRAMA,

IN ONE ACT,

BY

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

---

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I'LL BE NO SUBMISSIVE WIFE.

THE VETERAN.

THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

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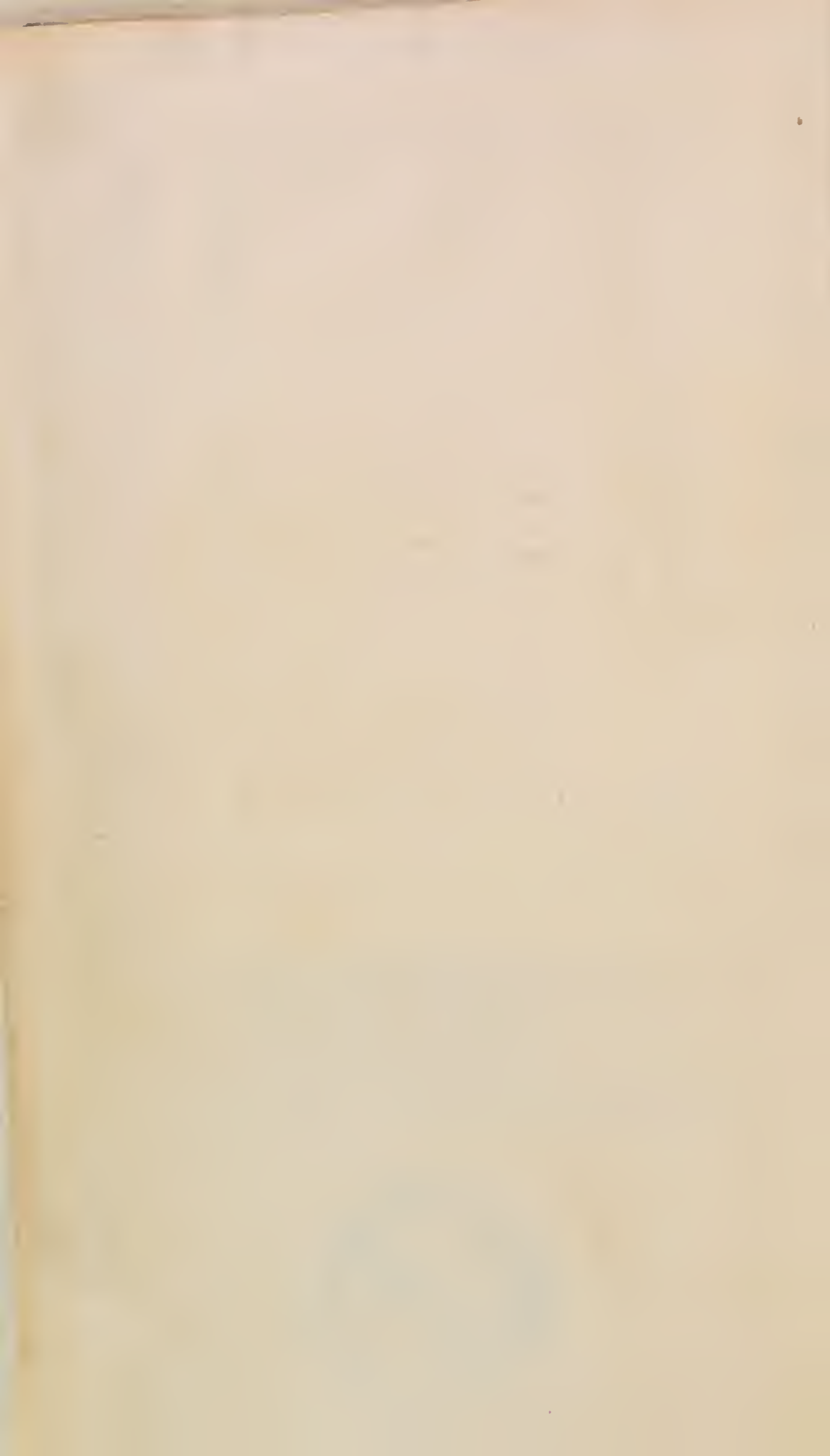
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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



|                                                                                                   |   |   |   |                      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|----------------------|
| <i>The Senechal,</i>                                                                              | - | - | - | MR. JAMES BLAND.     |
| <i>The Chevalier Duval</i>                                                                        | - | - | - | MR. CHARLES MATHEWS. |
| <i>Francois, (A gardener.)</i>                                                                    | - | - | - | MR. KEELEY.          |
| <i>Suzanne, (wife of Francois, a wash-<br/>erwoman,) Normandy peasant of<br/>the Canton Caen.</i> |   |   |   | MADAME VESTRIS.      |
| <i>The Marchioness de Vermont</i>                                                                 | - |   |   | MISS MURRAY.         |
| <i>Servant of the Marchioness</i>                                                                 | - |   |   |                      |

Scene, near Caen in Normandy.

## COSTUME.

---

THE SENECHAL.—Black velvet dress, of the time of Louis 14th.  
—powder.

THE CHEVALIER.—Light blue velvet dress of the same period.  
richly embroidered with gold—powder.

FRANCOIS.—Drab dress, blue stockings.

THE MARCHIONESS.—White silk dress, ornamented with  
black rosettes—powder—jet ornaments.

SUZANNE.—*First dress*—The high cap of the Canton Caen—  
light green body, with bright scarlet handkerchief, folded across  
the breast—petticoat of narrow stripes of all colours—black  
stockings—sabots—a large rose-coloured umbrella. *Second*  
*Dress*—Pink robe, open in front, and looped up all round—  
white petticoat—powder—white hat with roses and pink feathers.





THE

## LADDER OF LOVE.

---

SCENE I.—*A room in FRANCOIS' cottage. Through the door in centre, a garden, green-houses, and stands for flowers are seen. Large French washing tubs, and table for ironing. Several peasants washing or ironing.*

CHORUS. (*Air, the opening chorus of "The Postilion."*)

Oh washerwomen gay,  
Are scrubbing all the day,  
They envy ladies gay,  
Who've nought to do but play.

But some gay folks 'tis true,  
Are in hot water too :  
And then, like us, how few  
With clean hands we can view.

(*Chorus*) Oh ! washerwomen gay, &c.

The best I ever saw,  
May rub her knuckle raw,  
She'll never scrub the flaw  
From dirty suits—of Law !

(*Chorus*.) Oh ! washerwomen gay, &c.

Some make a splash—but quite  
Get damped in their delight ;  
We should work day and night,  
Could we—wash people white.

(*Chorus*.) Oh ! washerwomen gay, &c.

*Enter SUZANNE, with basket on her arm, (L.)*

*Su.* Now girls—go about your business, I've no more work for you to-day, but be here very early to-morrow.

[*Exeunt peasant girls, c. d.*]

*Su.* Oh dear me, what a job I've had this morning. The ladies up at the Chateau are so very particular—this is to be starched, and that's not to be starched, and one thing's to be plaited, and t'other plain! they never think of the poor washerwomen, not they; and I should like to know what would be the use of all their finery if we didn't make 'em neat and clean? Who cares for satins when cambric is'nt snowy? and as for jewels, what are brilliants of the first water if the water in my tub has not done its duty? Oh! dear me I've been up to my eyes in suds ever since Francois went out to work. Why there's somebody in a grand carriage at the garden gate! Dear me! a grand young gentleman! what can he want at such an early hour? I'm glad husband's out, husband's so jealous!—he's coming up the gravel walk—he's stopping to pick a pink; what a very nice young man! how I wish I was in my Sunday clothes: eh! why it's my foster brother, the Chevalier Duval! Pray walk in.

*Enter the CHEVALIER, at c.*

*Chev.* My dear, perhaps you can direct me to the chateau of the Marchioness de Vermont.

*Su.* Oh yes, I will direct you with pleasure. Have you walked far this morning.

*Chev.* Curious to know why I came here, hey, pretty one?

*Su.* Oh!

*Chev.* Very natural. I dropt from the clouds.

*Su.* Law!

*Chev.* I feel as if I had, all here is so new to me; in sober truth then, I've just come from Paris.

*Su.* Paris! Oh what a place that must be; you look as if you came from Paris.

*Chev.* Thank you, Suzanne, I appreciate the compliment; I've lived in Paris all my days, and now that I've made my debut in the provinces I'm like a fish out of water; you understand that feeling I dare say.

*Su.* No I don't, for I'm hardly ever out of water, I'm a washerwoman you know.

*Chev.* True! Well my little washerwoman; and is that pretty-garden your's?

*Su.* That's Francois' garden, sir; Francois is my husband, and my husband's a gardener.

*Chev.* Oh, you've got a husband then?

*Su.* Since I saw you I've got a husband—I married Francois Dulatre, and—

*Chev.* And so you're his wife—well, and is Francois at home?

*Su.* No, but I'll show you the way to the chateau.

*Chev.* Not just yet my dear. Have you ever seen the Marchioness?

*Su.* No never, but she's very handsome, she's a widow poor thing.





*Chev.* Yes, and has vowed she will never marry again.

*Su.* No, has she! law how odd!

*Chev.* Odd to make the vow, odder if she keeps it; she was very much admired at Paris.

*Su.* Oh so she is here, but they tell me she left Paris and came to this chateau, just to be out of the way of being courted. Law that's not like me,—for if I were to lose poor dear Francois, sad as I should be, being courted would be a sort of comfort; don't you think so?

*Chev.* Certainly, and when Francois does pop off, I hope for your sake I shall be in the way.

*Su.* Thank ye, I'm very much obliged; though this chateau is three leagues from Caen, I think comforters do come.

*Chev.* Indeed! tell me all about it.

*Su.* One at all events: the Seneschal.

*Chev.* What! an old fat frump? All Seneschals are old fat trumps.

*Su.* No indeed, this Seneschal is young and not bad looking, and I hear he is often seen going to the chateau.

*Chev.* Indeed, you alarm me.

*Su.* Law, perhaps you're come a comforting too.

*Chev.* I—I—really I know not what to do, and in my dilemma I really think, my pretty little Suzanne, I must ask your advice.

*Su.* Oh do, I shall be so proud.

*Chev.* Francois is not at home I think you said.

*Su.* No sir, luckily—unluckily I mean. Francois will be out perhaps for two days, he's gone to some chateau, I don't know where; so there's no fear of any interruption.

*Chev.* Well my dear the marchioness and I are cousins.

*Su.* Oh—aye—yes—I know. Iv'e got a cousin, such a nice young man—but Francois don't like him—and—well sir go on.

*Chev.* Well, when the Marquis died I instantly gave vent to my long felt, and very imperfectly concealed passion for the Marchioness; she however knowing I was not a marrying man—for as to not liking me that was quite out of the question.

*Su.* Very true.

*Chev.* Ordered me to leave her, and when she set out for her chateau in this neighbourhood, she forbade me to follow, unless—

*Su.* Unless what?

*Chev.* Unless I immediately married: scarcely had she left Paris, when I wrote to say that I had followed her advice, and married a charming country girl of large fortune, so I requested permission to pay her a visit: I did not wait for a reply, but set off to Caen where her answer was to meet me; and here it is. Hang it she's even with me—happy to receive me if accompanied by my bride. My bride! this charming country girl of large fortune! who exists no where but in my fertile imagination. The Marchioness will now discover the deception, and will never speak to me again.

*Su.* Oh law, can nothing be done—can I help you in any way?

Clara H. Cape

I'm but a silly body, but even if listening is any comfort to you you may talk till I'm asleep; not that I'm going asleep now. What can I do for you.

*Chev.* You! oh no. Yet stay, that's just what I'm come about; you are very pretty.

*Su.* Oh! what's that to the purpose?

*Chev.* I said I had married a country girl.

*Su.* Oh, but it can't be me you know, for I'm already married.

*Chev.* No, no. But if I pay a short visit to the Marchioness with my bride, she may afterwards be more inclined to receive me *en garcon*. I want you to accompany me to the chateau, dressed as my bride.

*Su.* I! impossible.

*Chev.* If you would only act the part for a few hours—you would look it admirably.

*Su.* No, no; don't say that.

*Chev.* Let me ask you one question: should you like to have a fine new gown?

*Su.* Oh dear yes.

*Chev.* Powder in your hair; and——

*Su.* You don't mean it! powder!

*Chev.* A ride in my carriage, and ten guineas in your purse.

*Su.* Oh should'n't I. Stop; what will my husband say?

*Chev.* You may tell your husband all about it.

*Su.* Well then; but stop—he'll want all the money. No—if there's no harm, I'll consent without troubling him, for he won't be back till the fun's over.

*Chev.* Well then come with me and I will give you full instructions.

*Su.* Very well! stop a bit, I must shut up shop—law how it rains. (*Puts up a shutter—gets a bright scarlet umbrella and puts it up.*) You shall come under it sir; it's big enough for two.

*Chev.* (*Aside.*) It's lucky I said a country girl, it may prepare the Marchioness for some rustic ways—are you ready? (*Aloud.*)

*Su.* Yes sir; may I pick a bouquet as I go through the garden. However fine my clothes may be, I always think fresh, sweet, natural flowers an improvement.

*Chev.* That's a fresh, sweet, natural thought, and I approve it. Gather your bouquet and then we will go.

*Su.* Oh, thank you—I don't know their fine names as Francois does; but I'll have roses and pinks, and the lemony plant, and the one that smells like cherry pie, and the one that won't be touched, as if it was ticklish; oh, and twenty others, and how smart I shall be.

*Chev.* But take care what you're about, you're to be a very a fine lady recollect.

*Su.* Fine! law no lady can be finer than the flowers, and have'nt I kept them company all my life?





DUETT.—(*Air Calpatee.*)

*Suzanne.* No school for grace like Flora's bower  
 Fresh airs are found in every flower,  
 And all the folks shall surely see,  
 Something airified in me—  
 Something airified in me.

*Chevalier.* The pink of fashion praised and feted,  
 They'll think you highly cultivated;  
 And so my dear you'll seem to be,  
 Quite a sprig of quality—  
 Quite a sprig of quality.

*Together.* Oh as we pass along together,  
 With silken robe, and flaunting feather;  
 The neighbours here a sight will see  
 Never yet matched in Normandy—  
 Never yet matched in Normandy.

And as we sit up in the carriage  
 They'll think 'tis some great tip top marriage—  
 But what they think can nothing be  
 To such sprigs of quality—  
 To such sprigs of quality.

[*Exeunt c.*]

SCENE II.—*An alcove in the garden of the chateau Vermont. The scene very much advanced to give room for the arrangement of scene III.*

*Enter FRANCOIS with a wheelbarrow full of the cuttings of trees.*

*Franc.* How the little birds do twitter this fine morning! dear me—quite enviable, for I've nobody to twitter to; my mate is safe at home in her nest—in her tub I mean—and if she's hatching anything, it's mischief. Yet poor Suzanne, I must'nt say that, she's a good girl in her way, and so pretty! too pretty for me somebody said, but that was impudence. I think we're a very pretty pair, twin-roses. Talking of roses I've got lots of trees to lop to-day, and I must go and throw all these cuttings behind the hedge—I won't be long though, for I've got one eye upon the Marchioness's dressing-room window though I'm out of sight of the house. I'm almost sure I saw yesterday morning—but no matter, I might be mistaken: but to-day at the same hour I'm determined to watch; it's near the time—I'll go and empty my barrow, and then—(*Goes to the side—returns with empty barrow.*) Now if any thing happens without my finding it out, my name's not Francois. I'm certain there are secrets in this family; night

blowing secrets, that shut themselves up snug and demure in the daylight. I'll find it all out; hush—I thought I heard somebody or something—now for it. But dear me how the birds do twitter! dear little things.

*Song.\**

Little Toodlededoo was a dandy cock robin;  
He was tied to his perch with a yard of blue bobbin;  
His tail was no bigger than that of a flea,  
Yet he thought it the handsomest tail that could be.

Little Toodlededoo was so proud of his tail,  
That to shew it the better he hopped on a rail,  
When a hungry tom cat jumping over the wall,  
Swallowed up little Toodlededoo tail and all.

*Moral.*

Now all you young dandies who're proud of your tails,  
For although you don't wear them the moral avails;  
Whenever you're bragging 'bout this thing and that,  
Remember poor Toodlededoo and the cat.

[*Exit with wheelbarrow.*]

SCENE III.—*A garden. To the right an arbour with a garden sofa in it. On the left a pavilion, with a practicable door and balcony. On the right another building, which is part of the Marchioness's chateau; it also has a balcony, and the windows looking into both balconies are transparent, and have curtains. Both balconies are so placed as to be distinctly seen by the audience. A gardener's double ladder is immediately under the balcony to the right. Enter FRANCOIS at the centre, peeping round the arbour, at the balcony to the right; he comes forward on tiptoe, but hearing a noise retreats into the arbour. The window opens, R. and the MARCHIONESS and the SENESCHAL appear on balcony to the right.*

*March.* Go—be careful—hush, no noise. I tremble lest you should be seen.

*Sen.* Must I then depart.

*March.* Yes, yes—at once—but gently.

*Franc.* Voices! oh, oh.

*Sen.* I cannot bear to leave you.

*March.* For shame.

*Sen.* The day so welcome to others is hateful to me. The birds

\* For this song so effectively introduced by Mr. Keeley, the author is indebted to Mr. Poole.





are happy, for they may hover round your window, but I am miserable for I must leave you.

*March.* What the Seneschal so sentimental.

*Franc.* (*Aside.*) The Seneschal, ah! ah!

*March.* Pray leave me,—were you seen I should be miserable; there is the ladder.

*Franc.* My ladder!

*Sen.* Adieu; dearest, once more adieu! [*Kisses her and descends.*]

*March.* Hist—are you safe?

*Sen.* Yes, quite safe and unperceived.

*Franc.* (*Aside.*) Indeed!

*March.* Then leave the garden directly; that little prying peeping gardener Francois will be here presently; you have the master key, so hasten through the little garden gate before he arrives.

*Franc.* Before he arrives. That makes me laugh.

*Sen.* I shall be miserable till we meet again adieu.

(*Marchioness kisses her hand and leaves the balcony.*)

She is gone! now then I will make the best of my way.

(*Is going hastily out at centre, runs against Francois, who is coming out of the arbour.*)

*Franc.* Oh dear, my head—my all over! Oh what are you about.

*Sen.* Confound the fellow, an idiot.

*Franc.* Oh, I'm broke in bits.

*Sen.* What the deuce were you doing there?

*Franc.* And what the deuce were you doing there?

*Sen.* (*Embarrassed.*) I—oh—I—I—was just coming.

*Franc.* Coming.

*Sen.* That is—going.

*Franc.* Oh, going.

*Sen.* I—mean passing from my chateau near Caen, and I stopt *en passant*—to—to——

*Franc.* Yes sir.

*Sen.* To enquire after the Marchioness. (*Aside.*) What would she say if she knew this fellow had seen me.

*Franc.* Then how did you get in? I saw no one enter.

*Sen.* In?—oh—at—at the court-yard.

*Franc.* And now you're going out by the garden?

*Sen.* Well—of course, why should'nt I.

*Franc.* Because it's the wrong way.

*Sen.* Yes—roundabout—but—I preferred it, but what is that to you; I suppose I may go which way I please?

*Franc.* Oh, certainly, and it's lucky for me that you chose this path, because I wanted to ask your advice about something very particular.

*Sen.* Indeed! well make haste—what is it?

*Franc.* Well, you're just the man I wanted—for lawyers are a mercenary set—and a Seneschal is a deal better than a lawyer, because he'll give me advice free, gratis, for nothing—won't you?

*Sen.* Anything, if you'll only make haste. (*Aside.*) So provoking to be detained here.

*Franc.* You know this is the time of year when I go my rounds, to cut the trees in all the chateaus hereabouts—it's my trade; you know you have your pursuits and I have mine—and this is it—I stay a day or two here, and a day or two there, till all my jobs are done.

*Sen.* (*Always looking at balcony.*) Yes, yes—of course.

*Franc.* Well then, the other night having worked very late in the garden of a beautiful lady—a widow; I got tired—for I'd had a drop of comfort that day, and then when that's the case I do get drowsy sometimes; so I lay down to rest in—in an arbour—just such an arbour as that, when I heard a step on the gravel walk—

*Sen.* (*Annoyed.*) Well, what then?

*Franc.* Oh then, my ladder—just such a ladder as that, began to walk about in the moonlight: I thought it was bewitched, but I soon saw there was a man in the middle of it, who took it up, walked it over to a part of the house where there was a balcony—much such a one as that—(*Pointing to the balcony to the right.*) walked coolly up—got into the balcony—took a key out of his pocket—unlocked the glass door, and went in!

*Sen.* (*Aside.*) Hang it—he can't mean me. (*Aloud.*) Well, and— and was it a—a robber?

*Franc.* (*Innocently.*) Why, do you know, that's just what I want to consult you about; don't you think I ought to make this known, would you not advise me to go to the police?

*Sen.* Why—really—it—it would be difficult to identify the person, and—

*Franc.* Oh not at all. I know him well by sight—and could put my hand on him in a moment.

*Sen.* Oh—are—are you sure of that?

*Franc.* Positive, and so I ask you what you think I had best do?

*Sen.* Why, if you take my advice—

*Franc.* Yes.

*Sen.* You will hold your tongue.

*Franc.* And why should I hold my tongue?

*Sen.* (*Aside.*) He has seen me—I must silence him.

*Franc.* I say, why should I be silent?

*Sen.* Why, there are weighty reasons.

*Franc.* (*Holding out his hand.*) What are the weighty reasons? how heavy are they?

*Sen.* The fellow is a spy.

*Franc.* The reasons—

*Sen.* A mercenary evesdropper.

*Franc.* The weighty reasons.

*Sen.* (*Feeling in his pocket.*) Contemptible.

*Franc.* What are the reasons?





*Sen.* (*Giving purse.*) 'There—now will you hold your tongue?

*Franc.* Oh yes, you have convinced me that silence best becomes me.

*Sen.* But if you say a word to any one, and especially to the Marchioness I'll—

*Franc.* No, no—not a syllable, and see, here she comes.

*Sen.* Hush!

*Franc.* Certainly.

*Enter the MARCHIONESS with a female servant, D. R. from the chateau, R. the servant crosses to the pavilion.*

*March.* (*To Servant*) Now be sure you arrange everything in the pavilion, for the apartments will be wanted to-night.

(*Exit servant, L.*)

*Sen.* (*Aside.*) Visitors expected!

*March.* (*Aside.*) What, still here.

*Franc.* (*Aside.*) What will she say when she sees him I wonder.

*March.* (*Aside.*) How exceedingly annoying. (*Aloud.*) Ah Monsieur le Seneschal; you here! this is kind indeed; you are come I hope to spend the day at my chateau, you owe me some recompense for the scarcity of your visits; I think it is a fortnight since we met.

*Franc.* (*Aside.*) What a short fortnight—or else a short memory.

*March.* (*Aside to Seneschal.*) Why do you not speak.

*Sen.* Hem—Madam—you are most kind—but really serious business—

*Franc.* (*Aside.*) Business, oh dear! up my ladder.

*March.* You here Francois. Did you speak?

*Franc.* I—oh no.

*Sen.* Oh, I was speaking to him, I was asking him about the arrangement of some plantations I mean to make at my park.

*March.* (*Aside to Seneschal.*) He did not see you.

*Sen.* (*Aside.*) Oh no—certainly not.

*March.* Well Francois now you may go and gather me a bouquet as usual.

*Franc.* That I will—some of the new roses are in bloom.

*March.* Apropos of the roses, when do you think you will have finished your work here?

*Franc.* In a day or two.

*March.* But why are you in a hurry?

*Franc.* Oh, my business keeps me from home sometimes many days; I did not mind it formerly, but it won't do now; for besides my garden I've a wife that wants looking after, for she's very pretty. Her mother was a great lady.

*Sen.* Indeed!

*Franc.* Yes—house-keeper at a lord's chateau; and foster sister to a great gentleman, so she has seen fashion in her time, and knows more a good deal than I do.

*March.* You are not jealous I hope?

*Sen.* I hope not indeed; heigho.

*Franç.* That's what I say, heigho—when I think of my wife sometimes. She's a terrible quiz, fond of fun—she has fun with everybody, and makes fun of me. But I must go and gather your bouquet madam. (*Aside.*) Oh what a cunning couple. She little thinks that I saw—hem—not a word. [*Exit.*]

*March.* Why are you not gone?

*Sen.* This man was exactly in my way, I therefore pretended I was coming, instead of going.

*March.* And the consequence was, though most particularly angry I was obliged to receive you with a smile. I can't bear the sight of you to-day.

*Sen.* An agreeable declaration for a husband.

*March.* Husband! Don't I know you're my husband without being reminded of it every minute.

*Sen.* Nay my dear you are unjust. Really you ought to be too proud to subject your husband to the necessity of visiting you by stealth, climbing ladders in the dark, and getting into your dressing room window.

*March.* Pray do not think it necessary to come at all I beg.

*Sen.* Nay, my dearest.

*March.* Well—was it not understood between us before we married?

*Sen.* Yes, very true; I confess I did agree to it before I married you, but it is vastly disagreeable, and I wish to hear better reasons for so extraordinary a stipulation than you have favoured me with yet.

*March.* I have the best of reasons; when I quitted Versailles, I was a widow having lost a husband who had rendered me miserable; I therefore declared fifty times before his majesty and the whole court that nothing should ever tempt me to marry again. They laughed at me, declaring that I should break my vow: they were right, for scarcely did I find myself in the solitude of this chateau e'er your attentions, and the love which you profess ed—

*Sen.* And which I feel.

*March.* Well, I believe it—induced me again to marry, hoping that I should find you as unlike my first husband as possible.

*Sen.* But no one at the court can blame you.

*March.* Perhaps not, but I was weak enough to marry you when three months of my mourning were unexpired. After making such resolutions, I confess I dare not encounter the raillery of my friends, therefore to reward me for my acceptance of your hand, you must keep your promise, and allow the marriage to remain concealed, until the period of my mourning is over.

*Sen.* Well I must submit, but when I am absent from you I am wretched.

*March.* Not jealous?

*Sen.* Indeed I believe that is partly the reason.

*March.* Oh, if that is the case poor man, I suppose I must let you stay, and must endeavour to find some plausible excuse. (*Produces a letter.*) To-day I expect a visit from my cousin.





*Sen.* What that dissipated Roue of whom you have so often spoken, and who you told me has been in love with you so long?

*March.* The very same. And now I will own that I did not mean to show you his letter, but since you will remain you shall hear it, even if it should render you a little jealous. Listen. (*Reads.*) "Adorable cousin, I have obeyed you—the sacrifice is accomplished, and the victim will soon be at your feet. Your barbarity has done its worst, not only did you reject my suit,"

*Sen.* Oh, come, you did reject it.

*March.* Don't interrupt me—(*Reads.*) "you also had the cruelty to order me to marry somebody else; I have obeyed you—I am married, and I doat upon you."

*Sen.* What! married to another, and professing to doat upon you in the very same sentence; oh, he must be even worse than you painted him.

*March.* Hear the end; (*Reads.*) "I have chosen a pretty country girl who is an orphan, and rich; she has never been in society, and her *naivete* is diverting. I shall be at your feet on Monday."

*Sen.* On Monday! this day—and he does not say his wife is coming.

*March.* Oh, I have taken care of that, I sent word that without her he would not be received.

*Sen.* I have indeed no cause to complain; hark, I hear a carriage.

*March.* (*Looking out.*) They are arrived; yes, I hear his voice. Now remember the part you are to play; you are a neighbour, come to stay with me to meet my guests: now, your hat under your arm—a deferential air—a tone of respect—and not a look of intelligence for the world.

*Sen.* I will be most careful. They are here.

*Enter CHEVALIER, L.U.E.*

*March.* Ah, my cousin! you are welcome.

*Chev.* Ah, dearest cousin; give me your hand—that little morsel of living snow, give it me, and let me press it to my lips.

(*Kneels, and kisses her hand.*)

*March.* Oh!—if it were indeed snow, you would melt it.

*Sen.* (*Aside.*) I don't half like this method of thawing snow.

*March.* (*Anxiously.*) But you are not alone?

*Chev.* (*Sighing.*) Ah, no. Fear nothing—I am obedient, thou cherished idol of my beating bosom, the being on whom my soul doats, fear not—I have married another.

*Sen.* (*Aside.*) I'm particularly glad to hear it.

*Chev.* My wife is at my elbow.

*March.* That is right, she is welcome.

*Chev.* But still my ardent vows are your's, beloved cousin; your wishes were my laws, and when I took unto myself a wife, I only did so that my obedience might give evidence of my devotion to you.

*Sen. (Aside.)* The profligate!

*Chev.* Your smile must now repay me for the loss of my freedom—but here comes my wife, you must make allowances for her rural manners. *(Aside.)* I hope she'll behave herself properly.

*Enter SUZANNE, curtseys down to the ground.*

*Su.* How d'ye do, I hope you're pretty well; I'm very glad to see you; pleasant weather is'nt it after the shower?

*March.* You are welcome; you must not consider me a stranger, we are now cousins.

*Su.* Cousins! Oh what a dear nice cosy cousin. *(Throws her arms round her neck.)* I always kiss cousins—*(having kissed the MARCHIONESS she looks at the SENESCHAL)*—and perhaps sir you are a cousin too.

*March.* No, no. The Seneschal—a neighbour of mine, who I am sure will be glad to make the acquaintance of my cousin and his bride.

*Sen.* I am happy to have the honour of this introduction.

*March.* The Seneschal has favoured me with his company knowing that I wished to do honour to your arrival.

*Su.* Dear, how kind, I beg your pardon sir, I thought you might be a cousin! Dear me—when I know you all better I shall—

*Chev. (Aside.)* There, there, that will do. *(To Seneschal.)* I am delighted to know you sir.

*March. (To Suzanne.)* I hope we shall be able to amuse you here, and that you will not now be weary of the dullness of our country ways.

*Su.* Who? I! Law no; what could make you think of that; it's a sweet place, such a nice garden; and the kitchen garden which we passed is so well kept, cauliflowers as big as my head—I must talk about those cauliflowers to——

*Chev. (Aside.)* Hem—hush.

*Su.* Oh—to—I forget who I meant to tell about the cauliflowers, but I'm sure I shall be very happy here.

*March.* But your estate is very beautiful I dare say.

*Su.* My estate!

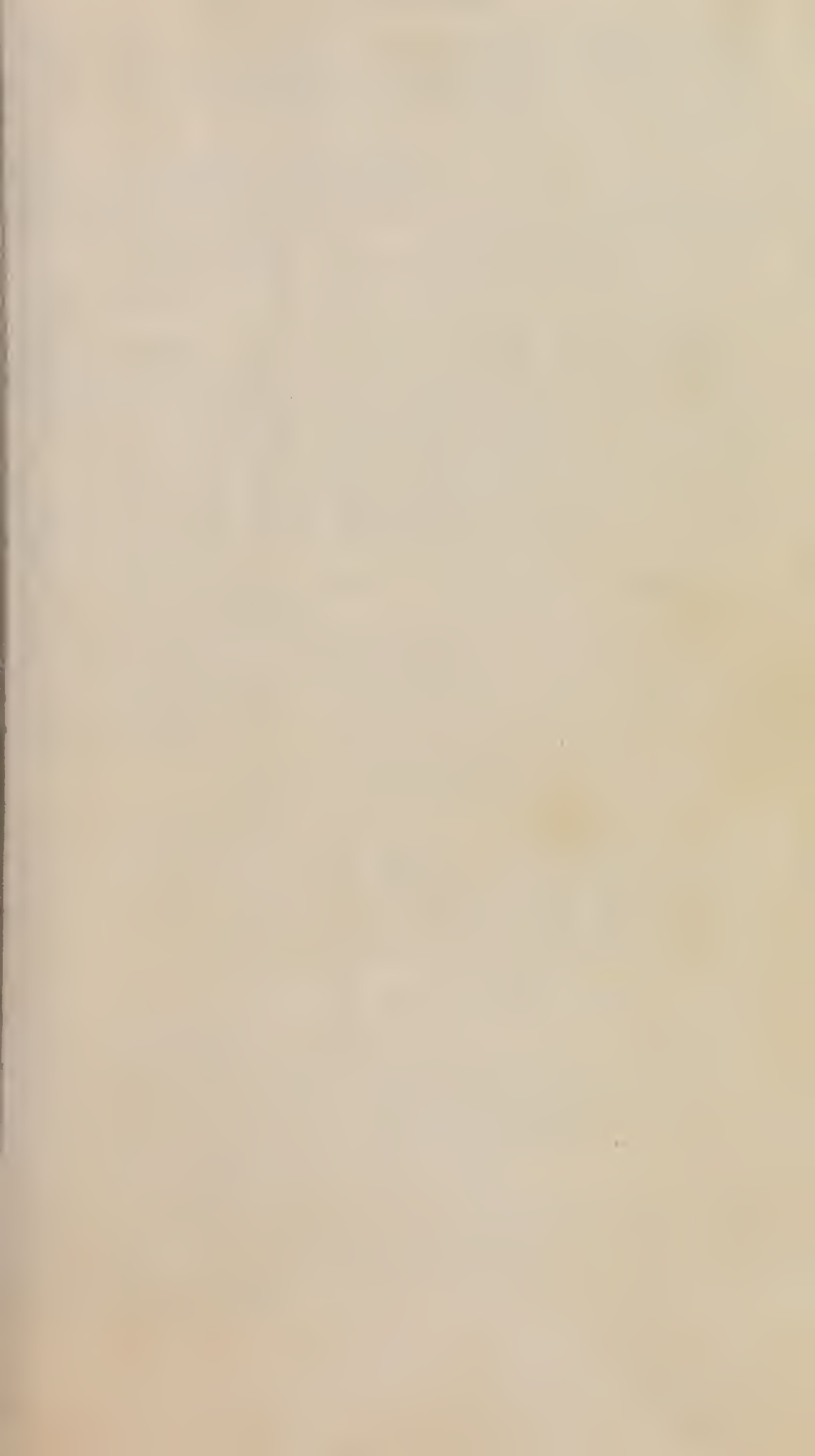
*Chev.* Yes, yes, certainly—a charming abode, in an airy situation—*(aside)* and invisible to the naked eye.

*Su.* Oh, splendid! I forgot. Such a chateau! and my father left it to me, and lots of money besides; and then cows and horses, and pigs and sheep, and turkeys, and geese, and pigeons. Oh, I do love to look at 'em billing and cooing.

*March. (Laughing aside.)* Well her rural ways exceed belief.

*Su. (Has been inspecting the Marchioness's dress.)* Beautiful embroidery that, but 'twould'nt look any thing if 'twasn't well washed. That's uncommonly well got up—you wash at home I know—*(Chevalier stops her)* hey? Oh, not that it signifies to me you know.

*Sen. (Aside.)* This is most extraordinary.





*March. (Aside.)* I must put an end to this scene. *(Aloud.)* As we dine late, perhaps you'll take some refreshment.

*(Goes to the side and makes a sign—enter servants with cake and wine.)*

*Su.* Oh, I'm so glad, I'm so hungry.

*Chev. (Aside.)* Now do not say that.

*Su. (Aside.)* Why, if I don't say so, how am I to get any thing? I shan't starve for anybody.

*(Takes a piece of cake and glass of wine.)*

*Chev. (Takes wine.)* Your health dear cousin; this wine is excellent.

*Su.* Oh excellent! I am so happy. Now my dear cousin Marchioness be quite easy about your cousin, he has done an excellent job for himself in marrying me I can tell you; when he first made love to me, I was shamefaced and queer at being wooed by a grand man from court, but now, law bless you, I'm quite cosey with him, and don't value him a button. I used only to dance with the village lads, who said lots of civil things to me; then I was a simple girl; but now, oh, I can take his arm and strut about like a peacock in a farm yard.

*Chev.* You see my dear cousin the journey has rather exhilarated her; she's quite giddy.

*Su.* That's true, and to tell you the truth, not being used to ride inside the carriage it quite turned my head.

*Chev. (Interrupting her.)* A head-ache, yes—and a little repose will restore her.

*March.* Nothing can be more natural. *(Calls.)* Justine—

*Enter JUSTINE from pavilion.*

Are the apartments ready?

*Jus.* They are quite ready madam.

*March. (To SUZANNE.)* Your room is in this pavilion, I hope you will find it comfortable; will you allow me to conduct you,

*Chev.* Oh do not stand on ceremony with us, you must not leave the Senechal; I will do the honours, and my bride wishes to repose awhile.

*March.* Dinner is about to be served, shall I order it to be delayed for an hour or two? +

*Su. (Aside to CHEVALIER.)* Not a bit of it, I'm so hungry—I must and will have my dinner; a pretty day's pleasuring this will be indeed if I am to go without my dinner—I declare I—

*Chev. (Aside.)* No, no—hush—you shall everything you want.

*Su. (Aside.)* Oh but are you sure of that?

*March.* What does she say?

*Chev.* Oh, only that her head is worse; in fact she must go and lie down; perhaps you will send her a little broth.

*Su. (Aside.)* Broth indeed? that won't do for me, I hate broths and gruels and such stuff.

*Clara H. Baker*

*Chev.* Come my dear wife give me your arm and I will attend you.

(*He is going to lead her to the pavilion, FRANCOIS enters at centre with a bouquet.*)

*Franc.* (To MARCHIONESS.) Here is a beautiful bouquet madam.

*Su.* (Turning quickly, and aside to CHEVALIER.) Oh, good gracious, it's my husband!

*Chev.* (Aside.) Your husband! what is to be done now.

*March.* (To FRANCOIS.) Give those flowers to my cousin, a stranger who is just arrived.

*Franc.* (To SUZANNE.) Pray madam accept these roses, you will not see finer in all Normandy. (SUZANNE turns round.)

*Franc.* (In amazement.) Why—hey?—no—my goodness gracious!

*Sen.* (Aside to MARCHIONESS.) What can this mean? he started, and looked frightened out of his wits.

*March.* (Aside.) I cannot account for it; look at her too, I shall never refrain from laughing.

*Chev.* (Aside.) I'm in a pretty predicament. I begin to wish I had staid at Paris.

*Su.* (Walking up to FRANCOIS and staring at him.) Stop a bit. That figure! that countenance! Oh cousin! oh good people—I know him—(to FRANCOIS)—have I found you at last—you miserable creature, you—you—you terrible man! Don't attempt to speak. Oh cousin! oh sir! it's a man I used to employ about my beautiful chateau; and he did all sorts of mischief, and then ran away—I have not seen him these six months: you saw how odd he looked when he saw me! oh, he's a very bad person. (to CHEVALIER) Come let us go to our room.

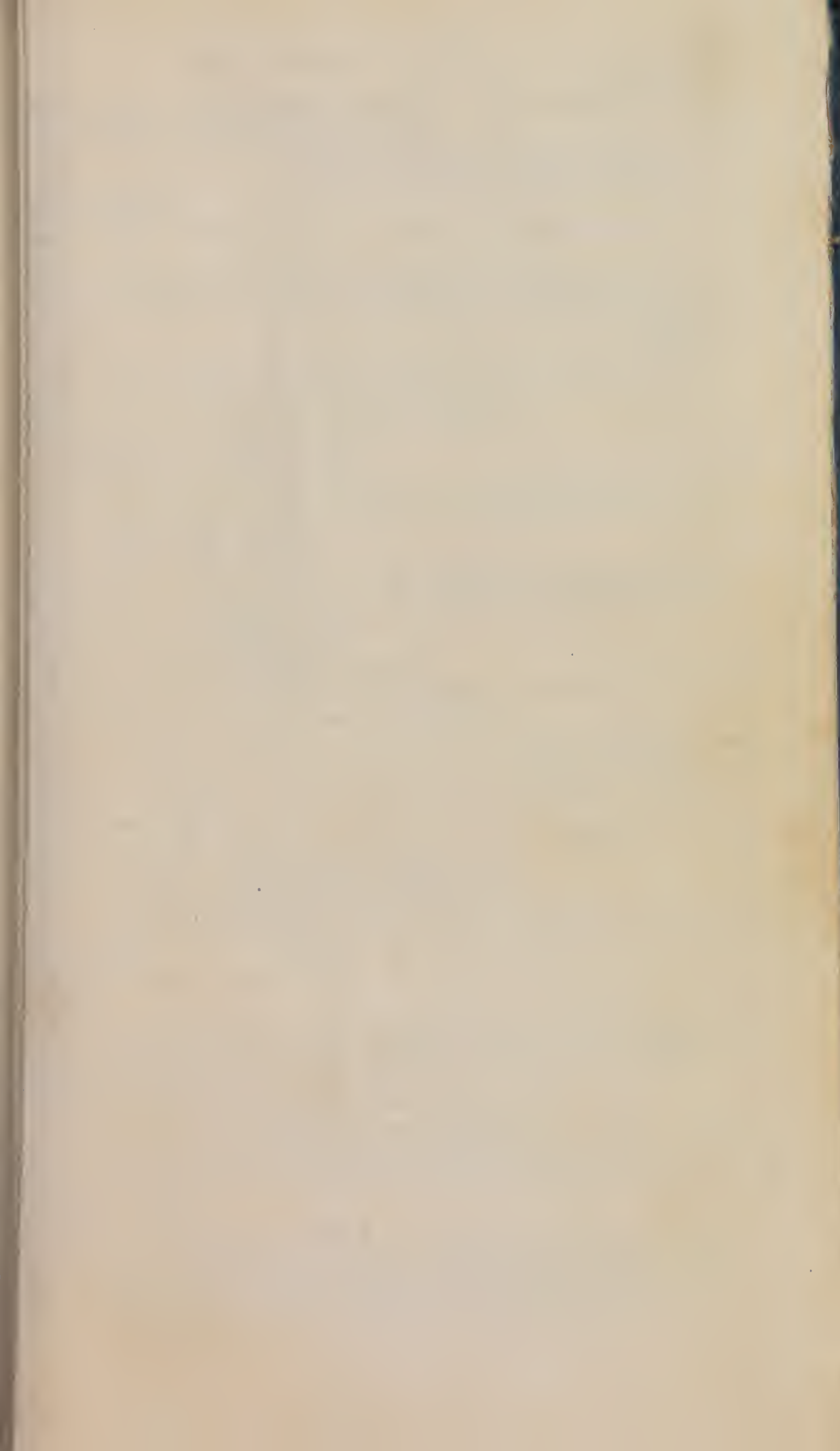
*Chev.* (Aside.) Anything to get away.

(*They go into pavilion. The SENECHAL and MARCHIONESS enter the chateau laughing; FRANCOIS stands stupified.*)

*Franc.* Have I been to the public house to-day? No—certainly not! I can't be mistaken then; if I had taken overmuch, I might take it into my head that every lady I met was my wife—but I'm sober, sober and sad, and that fine person is from top to toe Suzanne and nobody else. And yet, how can it be, dressed out so as I never saw the like; and she talked of her servants—called me her servant—and a bad one too! That couldn't be Suzanne! And then again she called that grand man her husband—oh! there must be some mistake;—but there never was such a likeness—her dear little nose and the dimple in her chin. Law, I wish I had kissed her—or given her a chuck under her pretty chin, then I should have been certain—but then if it was'nt her! oh, a horse-pond. Who's that?

*Enter CHEVALIER and JUSTINE from pavilion.*

*Chev.* Don't mind what madame says to you—she says she wants





her dinner—but the fact is repose is all she requires—tell the Marchioness I shall be with her in a moment.

(JUSTINE crosses—enters chateau.R)

*Chev.* (*Calling after JUSTINE.*) Say that madame does not require any dinner.

*Franc.* (*Aside.*) Oh that can't be my wife if she don't want her dinner.

*Chev.* (*To FRANCOIS.*) She is coming down, idiot as she is,—you of course know all, but if you betray me, I'll—I'll cut your ears off.

[*Exit R.*

*Franc.* Cut my ears off! My goodness what a threat—and she's coming down—"idiot as she is!" That was the gentleman's expression! It's my wife—can it be her—can—

*Su.* (*Who has entered unperceived.*) Can it be her? to be sure—don't you know me; ah! ah! ah!

*Franc.* It is—oh law—I declare it is—I almost hoped it was'nt.

*Su.* Well, why don't you receive me properly—here I am! what! no kind word! no kiss!

*Franc.* Kiss! kind word! I say Suzanne—I've a sudden shivering feel about that chap; you called him husband—what does it mean—I shall get desperate if you don't give me an answer. Ladies can't have two husbands.

*Su.* Ha! ha! ha! how well you act it.

*Franc.* Act it! Don't trifle with the feelings of a desperate man, I've that within me, which if once roused—

*Su.* Nonsense—I've made a good day's work of it; see here, all for you.

(*Gives him a purse.*)

*Franc.* What's this? a purse? Ha, my blood runs cold—(*drops it*)—what means all this?

*Su.* Well now I will tell you all, if you will but believe me; you must believe me you know, your own Suzanne.

*Franc.* My own Suzanne! I don't know that.

*Su.* I'm only a make believe wife to that fine gentleman, just for a day or so.

*Franc.* A day or so! A very odd lease to take of a valuable property.

*Su.* He called on his way to the Marchioness's, with whom he is in love, and she not loving him, refused to receive him unless he brought a bride with him; so you see I act the part of the bride.

*Franc.* Oh, you act the part of the bride.

*Su.* Yes, yes, just that he may get a footing here, nothing more. He's my foster brother, Chevalier Duval! He seems quite sure of winning the heart of his cousin; and now my dear Francois you can't blame me.

*Franc.* (*Picks up purse.*) Well to be sure. Not that I quite approve—but then this purse is heavy—but acting the part of a man's wife!—that fine dress must be worth a good deal!—and—

*Su.* No doubt of it, and we shall have another purse by and bye,

you will be rewarded with the money and as for me, I've had amusement enough to last me for many a day.

*Song.—(Postilion.)*

Nay, now I see you are offended,  
 Why turn away—and look so blue?  
 I soon should wish my splendour ended,  
 If it divided me from you.  
 Oh, I should have been twice as gay,  
 Had you been there to see the show;  
 The coachman with his smart bouquet,  
 The footman too, oh such a beau!  
 Oh! oh! oh! off we go,  
 There never was so fine a show.

Oh how the neighbours all were staring!  
 Who would have guessed I was your wife?  
 I never yet had such an airing,  
 Though I've been airing all my life!  
 I wish you'd seen us on the way,  
 There never was so fine a show,  
 The coachman with his smart bouquet,  
 The footman too, oh such a beau.

Oh! oh! oh! &c.

*Su.* What are you mumbling to yourself?

*Franc.* Oh—nothing. Just a little fancy that amused me,——

*Su.* don't tell me that—you've a secret.

*Franc. (Laughing.)* A secret—perhaps I have. *(Aside.)* When I think of the Senechal clambering up my ladder, I can't help laughing.

*Su. (Laughing.)* How you do laugh! you infect me though I don't know the joke, but stop though, we mus'nt laugh so loud—don't you know I'm ill a-bed with a head-ache.

*Franc.* Come then, here, and have some quiet chat in the arbour.

*Su.* So we will—come we'll have quite a snug coze.

*(They go into the arbour and sit down talking earnestly, and laughing close together.)*

*Enter MARCHIONESS from chateau.*

*March.* I must go and see how the poor invalid is.

*Su.* Now my dear little François, I hope you are easy in your mind, ha! ha!

*(MARCHIONESS starts back—lights gradually go down.)*  
*Franc.* To be sure I am your darling, you look so nice in those clothes.

*March. (Aside.)* Dear me, what does this mean?





*Su.* Was it not odd our meeting here.

*Franc.* Fate brought us together you see—happy fate.

*March. (Aside)* Is it possible? yes, it is my cousin's wife sitting in the arbour with the gardener.

*Su.* Well now, though I'm so fine, you're very happy by my side—confess, are you not?

*Franc.* Oh, but what an honour for me, to sit by the side of the chevalier's wife! ha! ha! ha!

*Su. (Laughing.)* Well, well—you're not jealous at all events?

*March. (Aside.)* He jealous! what can she mean by that.

*Franc.* At first I was—but I've got over it now, it's lucky you made me hold my tongue, or I should have spoilt all.

*Su.* To be sure, it would never have done for them to find us out; that's the reason I told that story about your having worked at my grand chateau, ha! ha!

*Franc. (Laughing.)* Your chateau! ha! ha! ha!

*Su. (Laughing.)* Excellent, wasn't it?—my chateau!

*March. (Aside.)* What can this mean?

*Su.* But now hush—no more laughing—keep quiet; what can it signify what these people think me; I care only for you, for I don't forget that you were my first partner at my first village ball; and first impressions last long. So be discreet, and all will be well.

*March. (Aside, laughing.)* Upon my word—this is rural innocence I suppose.

*Franc.* Well then, now give me one of your sweetest little kisses.

*Su.* That I will dear Francois—two if you like.

*(He kisses her several times.)*

*March. (Aside.)* How very terrible this is.

*Su. (Rising.)* Now you know we must take great care that nobody finds out who I am, so I shall go back into the pavilion. I say Francois, I'm so hungry.

*Franc.* Oh I haven't said half I've got to say, nor kissed you to my satisfaction. Do stop a bit.

*Su.* No, no; I can hear no more now, wait till they are gone in to dinner; and then, as they have put me alone in this pavilion, if you'll give a gentle tap at the door I'll come down and let you in; be sure you bring me something to eat. *(They come forward.)*

*March. (Hides herself in the arbour.)* Something to eat! what a sentimental attachment.

*Franc.* Very comfortable arrangement. Oh, but the chevalier—suppose he should come.

*Su.* No, no—he's gone about some mischief I'm sure—but that don't concern me; when he left me just now he bade me good bye until to-morrow.

*Franc.* Oh, come, I'm glad that was the sort of arrangement he made; don't forget to come down when I tap.

*Su.* No, no—how little they all suspect our little plans. Ha! ha, ha.

*Franc. Laughing.*) No indeed—that poor infatuated Marchioness. Ha! ha! ha! How little she thinks—ha! ha! ha!

*Su. (Laughing.)* It's too good—too funny. Ha! ha! ha!

*March. (Aside.)* What infamous conduct; I'm furious.

*Chev. (Without.)* Where is the Marchioness? I can't find the Marchioness any where. Cousin, where are you?

*Franc.* Here's somebody coming.

*Su.* So there is. I must go—but we shall soon meet again—bring me a nice bit of chicken—the liver wing mind. [*Enters pavilion L.*

*Franc.* Good bye—and now I'll be off. Cunning creatures we are. [*Exit c.*

*March. (Comes forward.)* Oh the poor miserable deceived Chevalier. Rou as he is I really pity him.

*Enter CHEVALIER R.*

*Chev.* Oh my dear cousin—how abruptly you left us in the middle of dinner.

*Enter SENECHAL R.*

*Sen. (Aside.)* I knew he was seeking his cousin—I don't half like it.

*March. (Aside.)* Here I am; I was just thinking of you dear cousin.

*Chev.* Indeed! and pray what makes you so gay?

*March.* I have just seen your wife.

*Chev.* Oh, you have.

*March. (Laughing.)* Yes, and you certainly described her to the life.

*Chev.* Indeed, you think so.

*March. (Laughing.)* To be sure—rural—and not exactly used to the ways of the world we live in. Her *naivete* is quite extraordinary, and so is her originality.

*Chev.* She seems to have amused you.

*March.* Free and easy.

*Chev.* Hem—yes—rather—but her head ache. How is that?

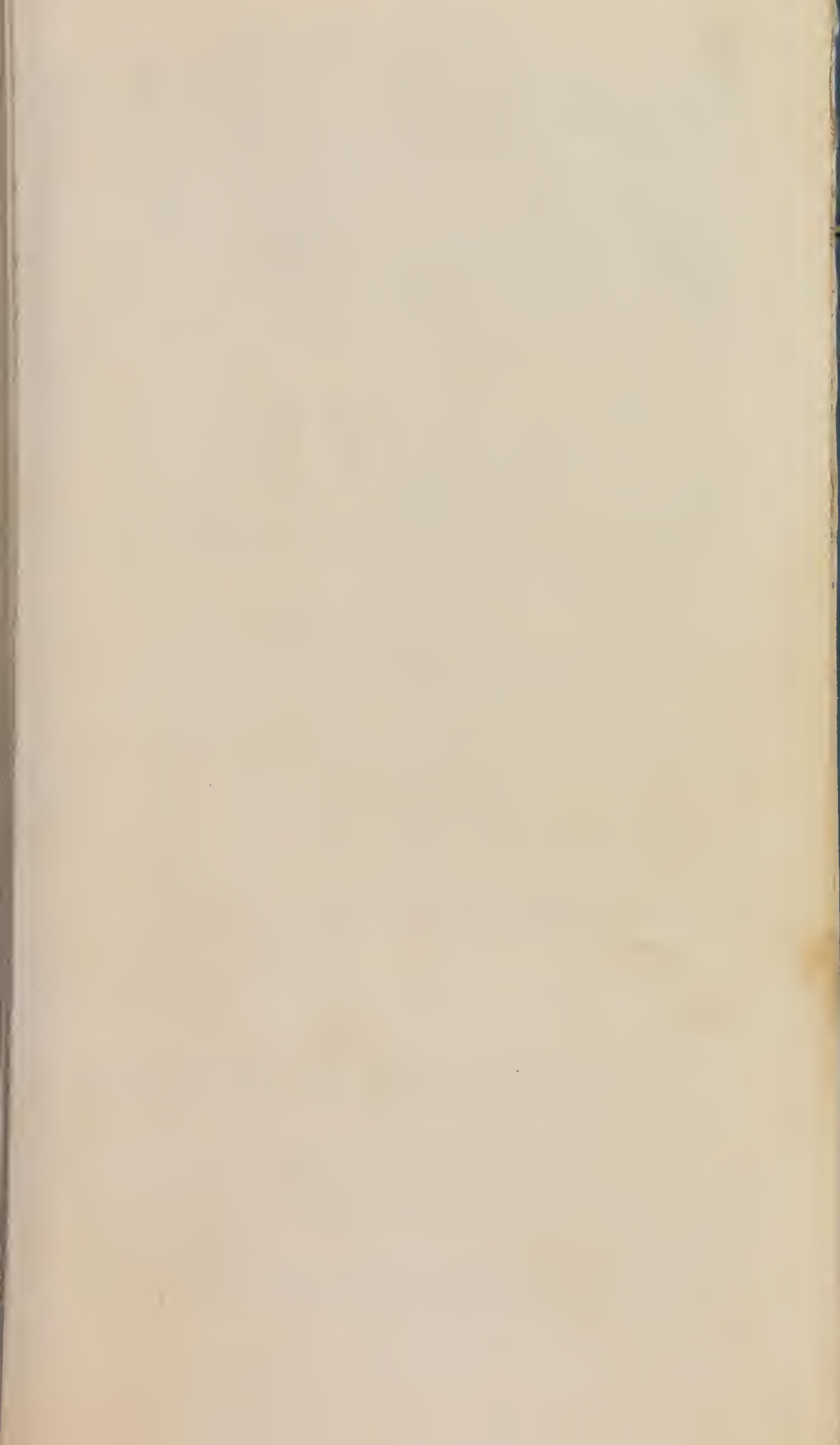
*March.* Oh she has found a remedy for that—indeed she seems quite to have forgotten it. She has been talking greatly to my amusement.

*Chev.* Ah no doubt, I don't wonder at your laughing, but I don't come here to talk of her, I want a *tete-a-tete* with you, to talk on very different subjects. The Senechal says he will be obliged to leave you now, and has been looking for you to say adieu—now let me beg that you will expedite the good man's departure.

*Sen. (Aside.)* Indeed! Talks thus to my own wife! in my own house! I should like to give him reason to remember who is master here.

*March.* Ah, he is here. (*To Senechal.*) I fear it is late for you to set out, will it not be dark before you reach home?

*Chev.* Yes, yes—very dark, if he don't go immediately. I should





advise you, my good sir, to set out as soon as possible ; you have no time to lose. If I can be of any use ordering carriage, horse, or servant, pray command me.

*Sen.* Thank you sir. I have no occasion for your services. (*Aside.*) Insupportable cockscomb—

*March.* (*Aside to SENECHAL.*) I wish you would go just for the present. (*Aloud.*) My regards to your good aunt and your pretty sister. (*Aside.*) Wait for me at the end of the avenue.

*Sen.* (*Aside.*) I understand—(*Aloud, ceremoniously.*) Pray Madam accept my—

*Chev.* (*interrupting him.*) Yes, yes—good night—take care of yourself.

*March.* Good night.

*Chev.* You'll have a charming trot home—a little dark or so ; and the roads are sloppy—but never mind, good night.

*Sen.* I'm quite sorry to—

*Chev.* Yes—sorry ; but can't be helped—we're sorry too to lose you of course, but your good aunt will be sitting up for you, so good night—I wish you a very good night. (*Bowing him out.*)

*Sen.* (*Aside.*) I'll be even with you—(*Aloud.*) Good night.

[*Exit c.*

*Chev.* What a bore country neighbours are.

*March.* I beg your pardon cousin, if you allude to my friend the Senechal, I consider him a very charming agreeable person, he is a great favorite of mine, and a great acquisition here.

*Chev.* Indeed ! Well I have'nt time to talk about him, nor will we waste in idle conversation the hours that should be devoted to sentiment. That I adore you you already know.

*March.* (*Aside.*) I must contrive to get rid of him.

*Chev.* Do come and take a walk with me, in a shady grove, or by some rippling stream.

*March.* (*Assuming gaiety.*) Well—really—I—I can't refuse. Oh, but stop you must go to your wife for a few moments, just to account for your absence, it is quite dusk already. I will wait here for you, and when you return—

*Chev.* Well ?

*March.* (*Affectedly.*) Then for the grove, and the path by the rivulet.

*Chev.* A thousand thanks, I shall not be many minutes. She is a mild obedient little thing, and I shall easily persuade her—

*March.* Go, go at once—the sooner you go, the sooner I may expect you.

*Chev.* That is true. I shall not say good bye, I shall return immediately—(*Aside, as he enters the pavilion.*) She's mine ! the widow is mine ! she has promised to walk with me. Oh, what an irresistible creature I am.

[*Exit l.*

*March.* (*The moment he has entered runs to the door—locks it—takes out the key, and speaks through the key-hole.*) Ha ! ha !—now

my fine cousin 'tis my turn to laugh. You are safe there till morning. Good night—good night.

*Chev. (Within.)* Hollo there—what are you at?

*March.* I have only locked you up, that's all. I hope you'll sleep well.

*Chev.* But cousin, cousin—let me out.

*March.* Oh no, no—good night—I shall see you to-morrow morning—*(Aside.)* I have now disappointed two very improper people. That gardener will find it difficult to get in, and my cousin equally so to get out. *(It gets gradually dark.)* [Exit.

*Su. (Appears on the balcony of pavilion.R)* What noise was that in the garden?—all seems quiet now. I wonder where they all are?

*Chev. (Appears by her side.)* What a shameful trick.

—*Su.* Oh dear how you frightened me, is that you?

*Chev.* To be sure it is—don't you see me.

*Su.* No, I scarcely do—and what business have you here? I told Francois you were not coming back, and I told him to come and knock gently at the door, and now when he finds you here he'll kick up such a row.

*Chev.* Well, I can't help it—it's not my fault—the Marchioness has locked me in, and I suppose you wouldn't have me risk my neck by jumping out of window.

*Su.* Oh yes, I would. Dear, dear, what will become of me—what did the lady lock you up for.

*Chev.* Indeed, I don't know. *(Leans over to listen.)* I hear nothing. She is certainly gone, so here I must stay all night.

*Su.* Indeed you shall do no such thing. Get out of the window instantly, I desire you.

*Chev.* I can't—and what's more I won't try. Here's a pretty situation. I'm sure I hear somebody in the garden—hush——

*Su.* Oh if it's Francois it's all over with me—he's so jealous. Hark—there certainly is some one. *(They lean over and listen.)*

*Enter FRANCOIS C.*

*Franc.* Every thing seems quite quiet.

*Su. (Aside to CHEVALIER.)* Here he is—it's my little man.

*Franc.* I wish all this masquerading was over. The more I think of that ride in the fine gentleman's coach, the less I like it; though she is his foster sister. I'll have no more such doings; one comfort is he shan't come near her again; if he does—I'll cut my own throat—or his—or my wife's—or all three together.

*Su. (Aside.)* Oh, only hear him!

*Chev. (Aside.)* Hush, he can't get in.

*Su. (Aside.)* Oh, but then you can't get out.

*Franc. (Taps at the door.)* Suzanne, Suzanne, I say: why dear me the door is locked, and the key gone. Suzanne, here's some thing to eat—nice bones to pick.





*Su. (Aside to Chevalier.)* I must answer him. *(Aloud.)* Hush, is that you?

*Franc.* Hey—why—oh up there! Law Suzanne, is that you up aloft. Dear me, why don't you come down and open the door.

*Su.* Oh my poor dear Francois I can't—the door's locked.

*Franc.* I know that, and that's the very reason I want you to unlock it.

*Su.* But I can't, the Marchioness has locked me up and has carried away the key.

*Franc.* Oh nonsense—bother.

*Su.* Indeed it is true my dear hubby.

*Franc.* Oh pooh, stuff—I hate such jokes. Come open the door—and I say, by the bye, what's become of that fine gentleman.

*Su.* Why how should I know.

*Franc.* Then you are alone, of course—hey?

*Su.* Alone! oh yes, to be sure.

*Franc.* Oh then stop a bit, you shan't be alone long—I've got my ladder here, and I'll be up in the balcony in a minute.

*Su. (Aside.)* Oh good gracious! *(Aloud.)* No, no—you'll tumble—the ladder can't be safe.

*FRANCOIS bringing the ladder under the balcony.*

Oh never fear. *(Aside.)* My ladder's used to it—it has seen a deal of service in that way; my ladder's the ladder of love.

*Su. (Aside.)* Oh, I shall fall down in a faint.

*Chev. (Touching the top of the double ladder.—Aside.)* Here it is—hold your tongue—trust to me—

*(FRANCOIS begins mounting on one side.)*

Now for it.

*Su. (Aside.)* Here he comes!

*(CHEVALIER, as FRANCOIS goes up one side, begins to descend on the other.)*

*Franc. (On the balcony.)* Here am I.

*Chev. (On the ground.)* And here am I.

*Franc.* And now come in my dear.

*(Goes in with SUZANNE.)*

*Chev. (Taking off his hat and bowing to the balcony.)* Your most obedient very humble servant,—I wish you a very good night; and now that it is quite dark, I must think of my adorable cousin. *(A light appears in the chamber of the MARCHIONESS.)* Ah a beacon, that must be meant as a guide to me. I have but one fault, and that is being too fascinating, too irresistible. All the poor dear little darling women do so doat upon me, and my cousin is no exception to the general rule. This ladder shall aid me again; it's an awkward thing to carry—never mind.

*(He carries it across to the balcony of the chateau R. SENECHAL enters at the back.)*

*Sen. (Aside.)* I must not make a noise, no doubt every body is asleep—I must look for the ladder.

*(They both feel about in the dark.)*

*Sen. (Aside.)* There is the usual signal,—she is waiting for me.  
 Ah! the ladder is here. *(Goes to one side of the ladder.)*

*Chev. (Aside.)* Now for it then.  
*(Goes to the other side of the ladder.)*

*(They both go up the ladder together, on the different sides—and knock their heads together on the top.)*

*Both.* Oh, what's that. Good gracious.

*Chev.* Why, who are you?

*Sen.* You here!

*Chev.* The Senechal! I'm ashamed of you—how's your aunt?

*Sen. (Taking off his hat.)* Your most obedient sir.

*Chev. (Bowing, hat off.)* I hope you're well this evening Mr. Senechal. The fact is I'm in love with my cousin.

*Sen.* You sir! I'd have you to know that I love her to distraction.

*Chev.* Then I demand satisfaction—zounds, we'll astonish the world—for the world—for we'll fight a duel on the top of a ladder.

*Sen.* Come down, sir.

*Chev. (Descending.)* Certainly—*(Advancing.)* but where's the Senechal?

*Sen. (Still on the ladder.)* Good night—*(He goes on the balcony.)* you see I've a master key. *(He opens the glass door, and goes in—it closes.)*

*Chev.* Why I protest he has a key of her chamber—he is gone, and here am I by myself. A happy couple in each house, and I alone out in the dew—I'll rouse every body. Hollo there, *(calls, and stamps about in a rage.)* Hollo, I say, Francois—Mr. Senechal—servants—Hollo, there: very strange doings—hollo—will nobody come. Hollo! I declare its beginning to rain—hollo!

*(The MARCHIONESS appears on balcony to the right with the SENECHAL, who has on a handsome dressing gown and cap. SUZANNE appears on balcony to the left with FRANCOIS—all four have wax candles in their hands.)*

*March.* Who is that? I desire no one will disturb me and my husband.

*Chev.* Husband!

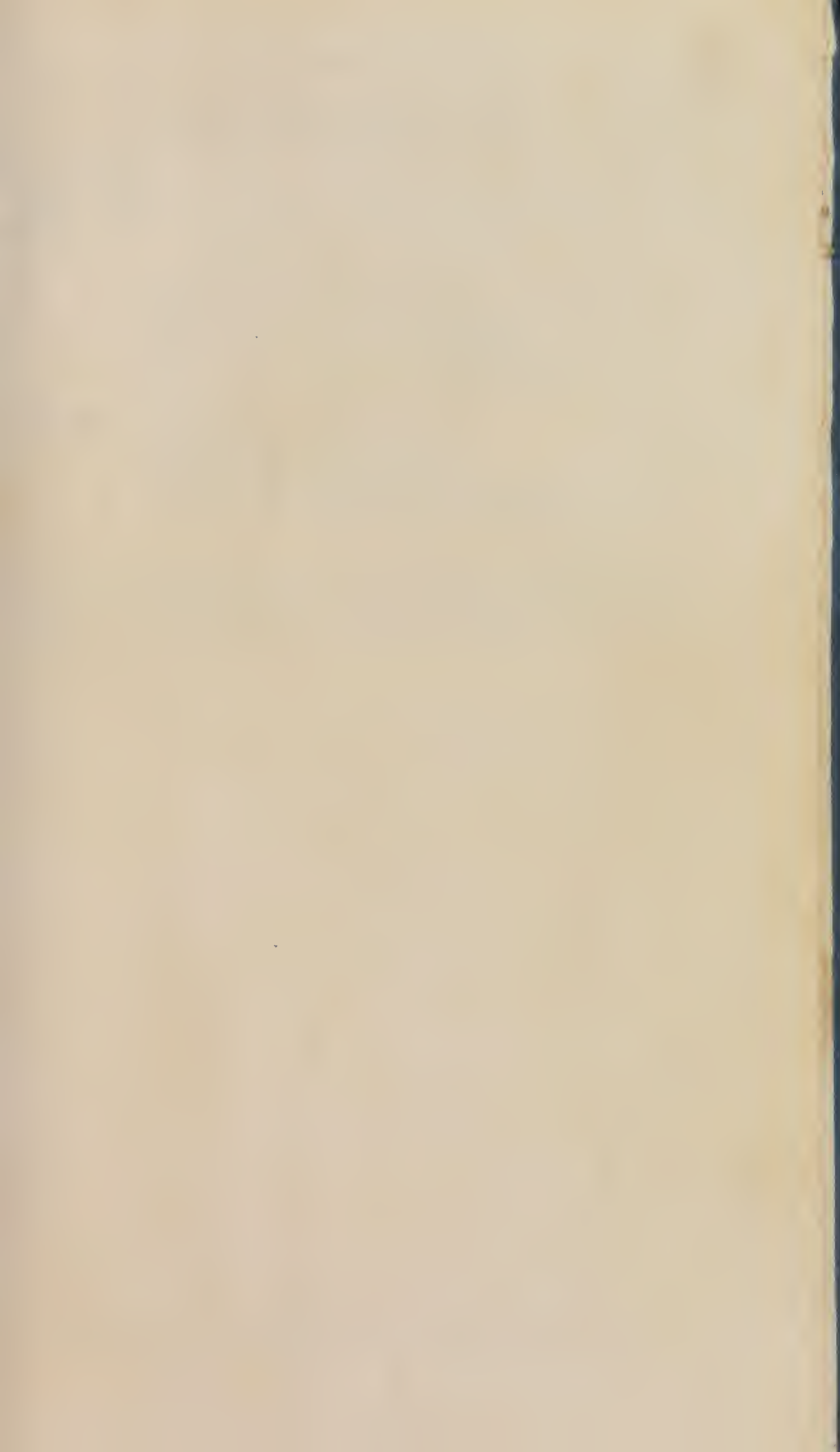
*Su.* And we don't want to be disturbed either; for I and my husband are very tired.

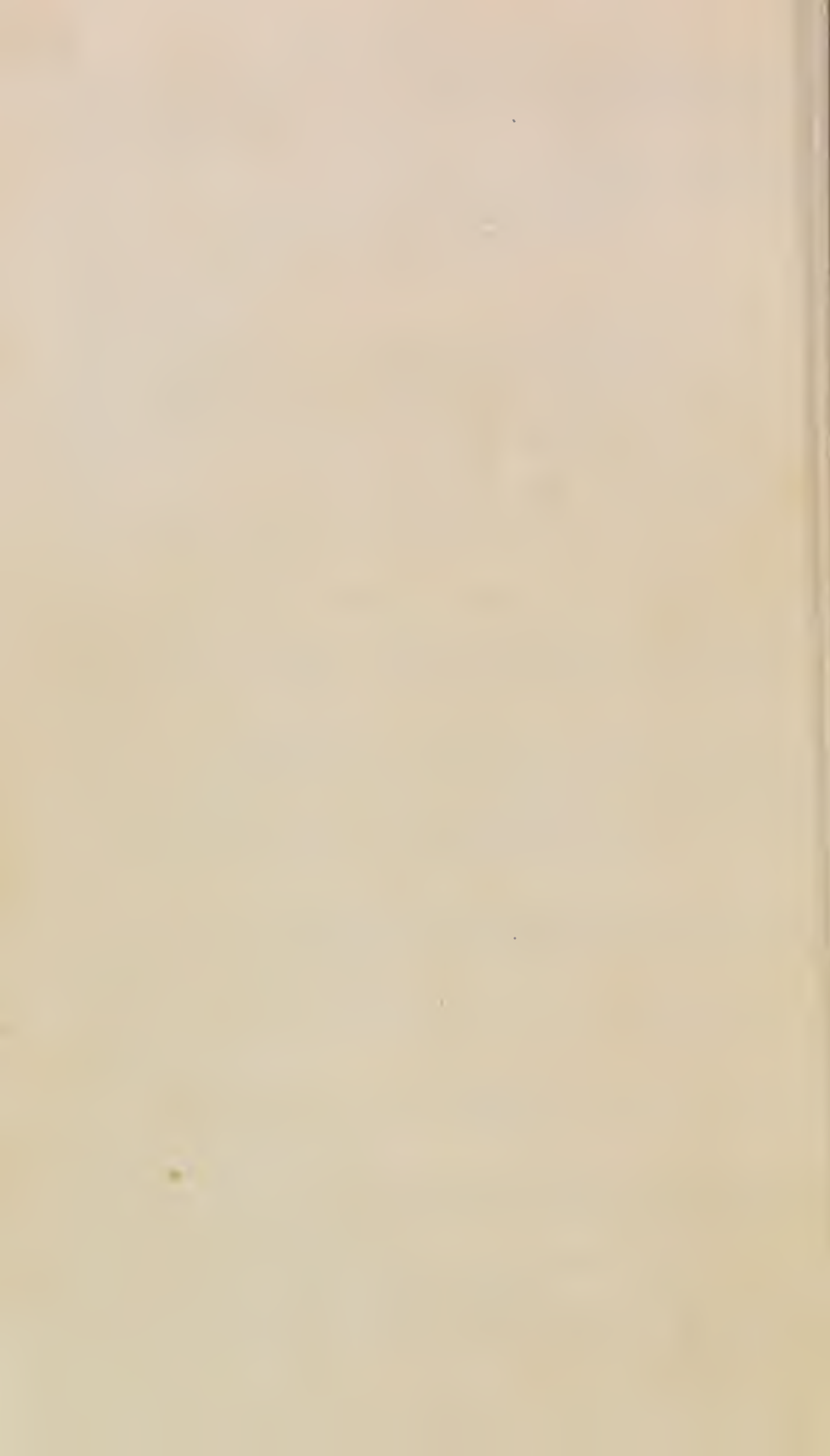
*Chev.* Your husband too!

*March.* I was not aware of that myself—it seems then that you are left to single blessedness. You have endeavoured to trick me, and deserve to be laughed at.

*Su.* So he does madam—and I for one will laugh with all my heart. I hope the laugh will be infectious.

*Franc.* Poor man—I pity him—we'll leave him in the garden to frighten away the birds.





*March.* Good night cousin. Here's a cloak to keep you warm.

*(Throws a large cloak from balcony.)*

*Su.* *(Throws an umbrella. They all laugh.)* And an umbrella to keep you dry.

*Chev.* *(Puts on cloak, and spreads umbrella.)* Here's a pretty situation.

*Chorus.—Galop in Beniowski.*

Ha! ha! ha! you silly wight

Ha! ha! ha! how sad your plight!

Ha! ha! ha! it serves you right!—

Ha! ha! ha! good night, good night.

*Suzanne.* Pretty man! seductive wight!

Too gallant! and too polite!

Thus your conduct we requite!

Ha! ha! ha! good night, good night!

Ha! ha! ha! &c.

*(During chorus, CHEVALIER takes the cloak—wraps himself up—and disconsolately lies down on the garden sofa, in the arbour. When it is ended, the other characters appear retiring, as the curtain falls.)*

